

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad founding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door:
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands
 O'er forests, fields, and vernal-coated plains;
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
 And many a cherub, here, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
 Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious night-shade, spreads;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the memento at her feet.

Soon as fage evening check'd day's sunny pride,
 I left the mantling shade, in moral mood;
 And, seated by the maid's sequester'd fide,
 Thus sigh'd, the mouldering ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
 Here Time has pass'd—What ruin marks his way!
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain; and Melody, her song sublime:
 In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time!

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view yon cloister'd way!
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
 Religion like, stands mouldering in decay!

Where the mild sun, thro' faint-encypher'd glafs,
 Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd isle,
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path, that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt those withering trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relicks of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mouldering in the nich, his statue stand;
Now nameless, as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord dwell;
And where society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

The

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-finging at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore!

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
 With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
 And the sweet brow of beauty, still unbent,
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
 Not to be stay'd by masque, or midnight roar!
 Nor shall a pulse, amongst that mouldering dust,
 Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath;
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
 Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
 The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 " Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

" Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
 " Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
 " Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
 " Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Ægypt and Syria's wide domains subdued)
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd;

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
 Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest;

While

While thus the herald cried—" This son of power,
 " This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd;
 " May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 " Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd;
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
 And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
 For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Refts not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
 Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
 Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
 And, from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
 The wish, that fights for sublunary things.